

Birthday Blues

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Summary: The day after tomorrow is Astrid Hofferson's birthday. Hiccup has made her a wonderful gift, but as always, something is bound to go wrong... AstridxHiccup

1. Chapter 1

The sky was pure, the sun was warm and the wind was a gentle breeze. Hiccup and Toothless were having a whale of a time!

On this morning's ride, they had had perfected their dragon diving technique. They could now do it with great ease, cutting through the clouds and then joining together again in perfect unison.

Now, they were on their way back to Berk. Toothless was going at a steady, lazy rate and Hiccup wasn't complaining. He was too busy thinking about the reaction Astrid would have when she saw his birthday gift that he had spent all night making for her.

It was a beautiful new helmet, encrusted with Nadder and Terrible Terror scales, and precious stones that he had picked out himself from rocks. The band around the bottom of the helmet was made of highly polished steel, and Hiccup had drawn intricate lines and pictures all around it. Their friendship and all their adventures together were depicted in the metal.

It showed them together on their dragons, defeating the Green Death. Their first flight together on Toothless. Their first kiss, when Astrid saw him for the first time after the battle.

This was the part that had taken Hiccup hours. He had messed up several times, but it wasn't that noticeable and he was hoping that Astrid wouldn't mind.

He imagined the look on her face when she saw it, and then his mind was fully occupied with the thought of the kiss that would surely

followâ€¦|

This was the moment when Toothless chose to tell his pet human that didn't feel he was receiving enough attention, and hit him with one of his earflaps.

"Ouch! Sorry budâ€¦|" Hiccup was quickly brought out of his reverie. He was alert for a few more seconds, but then his mind rapidly turned to worrying about her taste in helmetsâ€¦|

"Do you think she'll like it, though? I'm not sureâ€¦| I mean, she might have a really big attachment to the one she has now, or she might notice the mistakes in the pictures."

Toothless rolled his eyes.

"Or she might not like the colour of the stones, or she might think the horns are too long. Or it might be too big. Or-"

Fed up with his pet's worrying, Toothless decided to reassure his human by snorting loudly, and blowing a big fire cloud in front of them. That stopped Hiccup worrying about Astrid, anywayâ€¦|

2. Chapter 2

Hiccup hummed to himself as he unstrapped Toothless' saddle and placed it on it's special hook.

He whistled as he took off the prosthetic tail that he had toiled over for many hours.

He started singing under his breath as he and Toothless walked out of the stable and back into his house, through the _huge _oak door that had to be big enough for Stoick the Vast, as well.

Hiccup was in a good mood. Toothless had been right; Astrid would love the helmet! He was confident that she would be impressed with his craftsmanship. All he had to do now was give to her on the day after tomorrow; her birthday.

With a spring in his step, he practically skipped down to the arena to help with Dragon Training. Toothless trailed behind looking wary of his pet's behaviour. He wasn't usually this happy unless he had been kissedâ€¦|

The next day, Hiccup was still in a good mood.

He had just been for his early morning ride, and he and Toothless had had a great time. Now, he was meant to meet Astrid outside her house; they were going for a picnic.

Personally, Hiccup thought the picnic would be a better idea for tomorrow; her birthday. But then, Astrid had wanted to go today. And Hiccup was scared of Astridâ€¦|

As he approached the Hofferson's house, he saw Astrid's mum outside, tending to the weeds.

Mrs Hofferson was a big woman, with large, fat, blonde plaits and a

striking, yet scary face. Hiccup had no idea where Astrid got her good looks from...

He tried to get her attention by coughing loudly. No response.

He tried again. This time she looked over her shoulder and saw him standing there. "Ahem!" He nervously chuckled. Everyone in Berk was scared of Mrs Hofferson. "Morning Mrs - Mrs Hofferson! Um... is - is Astrid in?" He stumbled and stuttered over the words.

She stood up from where she had been kneeling at the weed-bed. She grunted, in what Hiccup took as a yes. Mrs Hofferson then stretched her huge, muscly arms up over her head; her back clicked, causing Hiccup to cringe.

"Ah, g-good. Is she coming?"

She looked him up and down appraisingly. "You'd better 'ave a mighty fine birthday gift for my daugh'er. She deserves 'da best."

"Oh, I've got her a great present Mrs Hofferson, don't you worry!" He stated this confidently. He _had _got her a great gift.

She squinted at him. "Is it in yer bag?"

"Um, no. It's in the forge, all ready! I'm sure Astrid will love it." He grinned what he hoped was his most charming smile.

She looked confused. "But, aren't ya going on a picnic? Why's it in-"

She was interrupted by her daughter flying out of the house and enveloping Hiccup in a big bear hug.

Astrid beamed at him, and said "Morning Hiccup!"

"Morning Astrid! You ready?"

She looked at him like he was missing something big. "... Morning _Hiccup!"

"Uh... Morning _Astrid?"

When she looked at him expectantly, he knew there was something wrong, and he felt he should be saying something, but he wasn't sure what.

"Well?" She demanded.

"What? What do you want me to say?" Hiccup was truly puzzled.

Astrid's face crumpled visibly. "You're unbelievable!" She hissed at him. She then slapped him hard round the face and shoved past her mother, back into the house.

Hiccup stared after her, his mouth open. His hand instinctively went up to his stinging cheek; Astrid could certainly inflict pain when she wanted to. Her mother turned to look at the house as the front door slammed.

_Clomp clomp clomp. _That was surely the sound of heavy Viking boots stomping angrily up stairs.

Slam. Ouch. Hiccup wouldn't want to be that _that _door.

Silence.

A resounding _smash _came from just around where Astrid's room would be. Hiccup hoped it hadn't been a particularly valuable ornament...

It was followed by several more _clangs_ and _booms_, and loud shrieks of anger. It might just have been Hiccup, but he was sure he heard something along the lines of;

"Stupid... tactless... idiotic... slimy... no-good... same as all the others... knew I would get hurt... smash... face... ugly... pulp..."

Hiccup's cheeks turned crimson at some of the words that came after, and he knew that it would be best never to repeat them in polite society.

As some of the crashes subsided slightly, Astrid's mum's head turned slowly round to face Hiccup. At the sight of the deadly look on Mrs Hofferson's face, he seriously wondered whether he should run, scream for help, or hide and hope she didn't find and eat him.

This didn't stop his typical male outrage from blurting out, "What? What did I do?" He had completely _no _idea what he had done wrong.

"Ah thought choo said you'd got 'er a present." Mrs Hofferson said furiously.

"I have! It's all ready for tomorrow, and it was going to be a surprise!" He gestured hopelessly to the smithy, where his perfect gift sat glinting in the sunlight, out of view.

Astrid's mum glared at him like he was the smallest, most insignificant thing on the planet, and like he deserved to be jumped on by a heavy Viking, chopped into bits with an axe and have his remains scattered in Helheim.

"Tomorrow? You blithering idiot. 'Er birthday's today!"

"Ahâ€¦" That would probably explain it.

3. Chapter 3

Later that day, Hiccup lay on his rough, splintery bed, sighing in self-pity every few seconds. He was utterly dejected. Astrid was mad at him, and although they had had plenty of little spats since they had become boyfriend and girlfriend, he had never seen her this mad.

If only he could make her see that he had put the time and effort

into her birthday; he had just got the wrong date.

His mind started forming forgiveness-seeking plans. He knew the classic
'turn-up-at-window-with-romantic-bunch-of-flowers-and-throw-stones-until-girl-looks-out-and-falls-in-love-with-you-all-over-again' routine wasn't going to work,

A) Because Astrid wasn't that soft, and
>B) Because he had already tried it. And it turned out that when it came to throwing
stones back at people's heads, Astrid had amazing aim...

No, this mess was going to require more than the usual Hiccup touch.

>Toothless' smooth, round head popped through the door, and Hiccups' pet dragon slinked into his room. The 'useless reptile' sat on the floor looking at Hiccup. His emerald green eyes were sad. He walked over to the bed, and started nosing at Hiccup's boot, trying to push him off the bed.<p>

Hiccup sighed, and looked at the ceiling. Toothless was right. He didn't need to lie there wallowing in self-pity. He had got himself into this mess, and he would get himself out of it. He sat up decisively. He just needed to come up with a plan...

After about ten minutes of pacing around his room racking his brains, he stopped. His emerald eyes widened with his realisation. If he couldn't come up with an idea, then someone else would probably be able to... The person needed to be a girl... He needed to be on pretty good terms with them... And they needed to be friends with Astrid...

Lucky for Hiccup, he knew someone who fit all of these criteria very well.

4. Chapter 4

Knock. Knock. Knock.

The big oak door swung open.

"Yes? Ah, Hiccup! Please, come in!" Mrs Thorsten was mostly the complete opposite to Mrs Hofferson. She was very friendly, and didn't make people run away screaming with a look.

"Will you be wanting Tuffnut?"

"Um..."

"Please, come in!"

Hiccup smiled his most charming smile at her. It seemed to work better than it had done on Mrs Hofferson... He stepped over the threshold.

"Shall I call Tuffnut for you?" She walked over to the bottom of the roughly cut, wooden stairs and prepared to call her son.

"Wait, no!" She looked at Hiccup, startled.

"I was actually here looking for Ruffnut. Is she in?" Mrs Thorsten was shocked, but quickly recovered herself. "Yes, of course."

"RUFFNUT! HICCUP FOR YOU!" Mrs Thorsten bellowed up the stairs. For quite a small woman, she had a voice as loud as her children.

Hiccup faintly heard sounds of raised voices coming from upstairs. He wasn't sure, but he thought he heard;

"She said Tuffnut! Clearly, you need your ears cleaning!"

"Ugh, idiot! Hiccup is obviously here to dazzle over my amazing beauty. Why would he wanna see you?!"

"Mum said Tuffnut!"

"No, she said Ruffnut!"

"Tuffnut!"

"Ruffnut"

"Tuff-"

Hiccup heard a sharp slap sound.

"See? She said Ruffnut."

He wasn't quite sure of what to make of this, but Mrs Thorsten carried on beaming at him and took no notice of the brawl upstairs.

Ruffnut quickly came bounding down the stairs. She caught sight of Hiccup, and a sly, almost flirtatious smile appeared on her lips.

"Hi, Hiccup."

He gulped.

"So, let's go!"

She jumped the last of the stairs, grabbed hold of his hand, and made for the door.

"See you later, Mum!"

Hiccup had no time to say anything before he was dragged out of the door and it closed behind them.

Ruffnut was a no-funny-business kind of girl, and she definitely didn't beat about the bush.

She looked Hiccup in the eyes, and said, "Right, Haddock. You're either here to ask me out." Hiccup made a funny choking sound.

"But I seriously doubt that." She quickly recovered herself. "So that

must mean that you're here to ask for advice on how to get Astrid back."

"What?! How did-"

"I saw her earlier."

"Oh."

"She was pretty cut up, Haddock."

"Ah."

"But, you being you, I reckon you have some sort of excuse. Go for it."

"Wow, you're really-"

"Let's talk..." She led him over in the direction of the beach.

5. Chapter 5

"So, our plan to get Astrid to forgive me... is to make her jealous by pretending you're my girlfriend?" Hiccup wasn't quite sure he'd heard correctly.

"Yup." Right...

"And this will work, how?"

"Well, she'll see you and me, get jealous, realise what she's missing out on, and fall into your arms!"

"What if, she sees you and me, gets jealous, and beats me up?"

"C'mon Haddock, that's only a small possibility!"

"Thanks for, um, that reassuring thought."

"You're welcome. Now, here she comes. Quick, hold my hand!"

They both jumped up from the barnacle-y rock they had been sitting on at the beach, and started casually strolling, fully aware that Astrid was close behind them. Ruffnut's hand snaked around Hiccup's. He closed his eyes, and tried to imagine it was Astrid's.

>He heard a sharp gasp from behind. Turning quickly, he was just in time to catch the betrayed expression on her face. Her eyes narrowed, and she quickly ran in the opposite direction. Hiccup's heart sank at the sight.<p>

He made to go after her, but Ruff held him back.

"Let her go, Hiccup."

"What?! You're crazy! Your plan just made things worse! Why should I listen to you?"

"Um, actually, you're right... Oops."

"Ugh. I'm leaving."

"No! Wait, Haddock. We could use this to our advantage." Ruffnut then let out an extremely evil laugh.

Hiccup stared at her in amazement.

"What."

6. Chapter 6

"So, it's gonna work this time." Unsurprisingly, he was quite sceptical.

"Yeah." Somehow, Hiccup didn't believe her when she said that.

"Right." They were walking through the market place, holding hands, and attracting the stares of most people. What with them being practically celebrities, Astrid and Hiccup were an extremely well-known couple. Hiccup hated the disapproving stares he was receiving.

"Hey Ruffnut, it's Snotlout!"

And so it was. But-

"Hey wait, who's with him? I didn't know he had a girlfriend..." Surely Snotlout would have told them?

"Um, Haddock? He didn't. That's-"

"She seems kind of familiar..." Hiccup strained to see who Snotlout was holding hands with.

"Yeah, I know! That's because it's-"

"If I was a few centimetres taller... She looks a bit like Astrid!"

"No." Was the sarcastic reply. "Really?"

"Hey! That is Astrid he's with!"

Ruffnut rolled her eyes. "Yes. Well noticed. Genius brain power there, Haddock."

>Hiccup wasn't listening anymore. The sight of his girlfriend laughing, joking and holding hands!, with that idiot Snotlout made his blood boil. He was about to walk right up to that puffed-up, brainless Viking and punch him, and if it wasn't for Ruffnut's hand holding him back, he would have.<p>

"Hiccup! St-stop!" Ruffnut was really having trouble holding him back. Which was saying something...

"Lemme at him!" Hiccup practically snarled.

Astrid, seeing the two struggle with each other, sent a smug glance

Hiccup's way, and then tossed her hair, looked adoringly at Snotlout, and laughed loudly at one of his jokes. Snotlout, though surprised, looked like all his dreams had come true at once.
>Hiccup wanted to show her that he could get someone too. As much as he loved her, he was angry at her, too. He immediately turned to Ruffnut, grabbed her by the waist, and pushed his mouth to hers.<p>

She was completely shocked by this, but responded to his kiss enthusiastically. Hiccup was actually imagining that he was kissing Astrid, but Ruffnut wasn't complaining.

Their kiss was interrupted by someone tapping Hiccup on the shoulder. Surprised, he easily broke the kiss and turned to see who it was. Before he could though, his vision was filled with a small hand slapping him across the face.

"W-what?!" he sputtered.

Astrid glared at him.

"That was for forgetting my birthday and kissing Ruffnut."

And then she stood on her toes and reached up to caress his face, and then she closed her eyes, and kissed him. Hiccup responded, stunned. She moved away from his lips, gently.

"And that was for making me that helmet!" She smiled up at him.

"What? How did you find out about it?" Hiccup was shocked, and sort of upset that she had seen it without him.

"Gobber showed me when I went round to apologise to you earlier. But you were out. So I went down to the beach to find you, and saw you and Ruff..."

"It was Ruffnut's idea!"

"I sort of guessed... You wouldn't have had the brain power to come up with something like that!" She teased.

"So..." He took her hand. "Did you like the helmet?" They started walking

"Are you kidding?! I loved it! The detail in the..." Astrid's voice faded as the couple walked off.

They left behind a rather depressed Ruffnut, and an even more flattened Snotlout. Ruff, eager to get away from the awkwardness left behind as well by the couple, walked over to him.

"Hey Snotlout. You wanna-"

"Yeah. Definitely." He took her hand, put an arm around her waist and they walked off towards the Mead Hall.

End
file.